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A Day in June.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip starts in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Coming.

All my life I keep an inn;
And, for guests, I harbor there
Faith and charity and prayer,
Servants of a mighty King.

All my life I wait for him,
Set my doors and windows wide,
That, when all is purified,
He, the King, may enter in.

All my days I look for him;
But, till that time come to me,
Faith and prayer and charity
Make my heart their hostelry.

MARY CHACE PECKHAM.

"In His Steps: What would Jesus do?"

A SERMON.

BY THE REV. EDGAR I. FRIPP, B.A.,

PREACHED AT ALL SOULS', BELFAST, 9th APRIL, 1899.

"For hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered, leaving you an example, that ye should follow his steps."—1 PETER ii., 21.

I want to speak to you to-night of a book which is attracting a good deal of attention, and is worthy of attention, at the present time. It is called "In His Steps: What would Jesus do?" and is the work of an American Congregational minister, Charles M. Sheldon. It is remarkable in several ways—first of all as coming from America, secondly for its literary merits, and thirdly for its touching a weak spot in our Christianity, which just now, I am glad to think, is growing very sensitive.

The book is, as its name indicates, a religious one, dealing with the social problem. For the third time within my memory a book from America has aroused Great Britain and Ireland on the social question. I remember well at college reading Henry George's "Progress and

Poverty." It was fifteen years ago. That book, more than any other except the Bible, made me a Christian minister. I could not accept all its conclusions, but its main argument seemed to me, and it still seems to me, unanswerable. It opened my eyes to the folly and wickedness of allowing the surface of the earth, which is the source of all the products of industry, the storehouse of everything we need for physical life, to fall into private hands, and demonstrated the practical impossibility of a really just and noble civilisation until this primary wrong was removed. The territory of a nation on which we must live and from which we must draw food and clothing, and wealth and the material means of happiness, must belong, said Mr. George, to the nation; and he was right. The growing conscience of all civilised countries is coming to recognise this, and efforts to turn into the public purse the values attaching to land by the growth of the community are the outcome of this new conscience.

Next came Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," which again, I think, in its main argument, is unanswerable. The argument is that the community can undertake certain great businesses for itself far more profitably than by leaving them to private companies. Everything by its nature a monopoly should be managed by the State and its profits used for the benefit of the community. Already we have embodied this principle in the State management of the army, the navy, the post office and the telegraph system. Many large towns have adopted it by the control of the water, the gas, the electric lighting, the tramways, the fire brigade, and other things, by which frequently a revenue is raised for public improvements. As public spirit develops among us, and the true feeling of citizenship, I do not doubt that the railways will become State property, as already in Germany, and the coal mines and many things which are necessities to the community. Mr. Bellamy pointed out how the great commercial trusts and "rings," as they are called in America, by doing business on a gigantic scale save expenses that enable them to undersell smaller firms, and are teaching the public the way to do business for its own benefit. The great railway and oil and iron businesses of the United States, which at present make millionaires, the larger they grow are really preparing to be State concerns.

And now comes Sheldon's "In His Steps," dealing with the same problem of citizenship from the point of view not of territory, nor municipal and State machinery, but of the individual conscience.

Why do these books come from America? The reason is obvious. In a new country of immense extent, unhampered by the conservative forces of ancient institutions and traditions, the tendencies of civilisation, struggling here in Europe for exercise, have free play, and swiftly reveal the good and the evil in them. The United States began to build up a Free Republic, as was thought, with complete civil and religious liberty. They dispensed with monarchy, hereditary legislators, and state churches. But within the last hundred years the Republic has discovered that the institutions it retained have worked more mischief than those they discarded worked in the old countries. Private ownership of the territory and land speculation, private control of the national businesses, and even of the legislature, have produced in the great centres extremes of wealth and poverty unheard of in Europe. Stockbrokers, railway kings, and political adventurers have revenues far beyond those of princes, and the poor of New York and Chicago are reduced to a degree of wretchedness and corruption unknown even in the East End of London. America, in fact, is an object lesson to Europe, and she knows it better than we do. The social problem in the States is rapidly becoming the chief question, while in Europe still many earnest Christians have hardly recognised the existence of such a thing. From where the greater evil is, come the warning, the remonstrance, and the suggested remedy. Such books as I speak of are the sign of the new citizenship, the new brotherhood, which is rising up on the other side of the Atlantic, and which some day will, I do not doubt, make the great Republic of the West the admiration, and no longer the byword, of European monarchies, and teach us truths of God which, without her, we would require centuries instead of generations to realise.

Now Sheldon's book has literary merits,—not great ones, but real merits. The story is

very loosely connected and incomplete. It is too obviously a story with a moral. It is didactic, and, as such, bad art. Great art always teaches, but it conceals that it does so in its delightfulness. This book is in many ways delightful, but it is not so as a whole; again and again there are passages of mere preaching, which, however good, are inconsistent with the development of the story. But the author is in dead earnest. There is a ring of sincere conviction about it, as in "Progress and Poverty" and "Looking Backward." Mr. Sheldon does not write for the sake of writing, but to say what he thinks and feels; and he gives us the impression of being a man who would give his life, as Mr. George did, for what he believed to be the truth. This is partly why the book is read. Then there are really fine bits of work in it. I marked two passages especially which struck me. The first is the picture of a man who has been slipping into the drunkard, and thence into the thief, struggling to resist temptation. He has taken the pledge and work has been found for him at a new settlement, established by some religious men, in a low part of Chicago. He cleans the front steps, and the smell of drink reaches him from a saloon across the street. As he descends the steps, sweeping them as he goes, he draws nearer. Men pass in and out of the saloon door, and a child passes with a can. He sweeps desperately as if to shake off the evil fascination. He clutches his broom until the sweat, though it is a cold day, stands out on his forehead. He mounts the steps with a great effort, and wishes that his friend, the clergyman who had rescued him, were there; for he edges out again step by step to the bottom, doing them a second time, and he does the last one a dozen times. Then he cleans the pavement until he trembles and staggers; and finally, looking round at the drink-shop, he yields, and puts his hand to the door. At that moment he is seized by the clergyman, and carried struggling and striking like a child across the road. It is worth reading. It tells those of us, who do not know it, the awful slavery of the habit, and is a warning to any who are beginning it.

Very different from this is a love-scene. The world must be saved by lovers as well as by monks and nuns. A young heiress of nineteen, the daughter of a millionaire, following in the steps of Jesus, gives up her wealth, and hateful, useless life, to teach the poor how to bake and cook, and opens a small confectioner's shop near the Settlement. Never did she know what happiness was until then. And her happiness grows a hundredfold by her love for Stephen Clyde, who also had left a rich home to be a carpenter in the Settlement, wanting to suffer something for Christ, and had found joy in honest work. They meet, she with flour on her face, he with shavings in his hair, and they love with an intenser love because they both love Christ.

"Let me carry your basket, please," he said.

"Why do you say please?" asked Felicia, handing the basket over.

"I would like to say something else," replied Stephen, glancing at her shyly and yet with a boldness that frightened him, for he had been loving Felicia more every day since he first saw her.

"What else?" asked Felicia, innocently, falling into the trap.

"Why," said Stephen, turning his fair noble face full towards her, "I would like to say, 'Let me carry your basket, dear Felicia.'"

Felicia never looked so beautiful in her life. She walked on a little way without even turning her face towards him. It was no secret with her own heart that she had given it to Stephen some time ago. Finally she turned and said shyly, while her face grew rosy and her eyes tender, "Why don't you say it, then?"

"May I?" cried Stephen, and he was so careless for a minute of the way he held the basket that Felicia exclaimed, "Yes! But oh, don't drop my goodies."

Yes, the author is right. In the future the holy love between man and woman, consecrated by self-sacrifice, and devoted to the work of Jesus, must be one of the great redeeming forces, perhaps the greatest, in the salvation of society.

But to come to the central idea of the book. Mr. Sheldon urges that the rule of a Christain's life should be *to do as we think Jesus would do in our place.* He begins with the clergyman. Henry Maxwell is interrupted in writing his sermon one Friday morning, on the text

A figure just above medium height, but so erect in bearing as to appear taller; a fine, massive head, framed in bushy, white hair, and grizzled beard, well poised on broad shoulders; clear, kindly, vivacious eyes that look straight at you; an expression whose chief "note" is an eager earnestness, the whole face giving one, before the lips have opened, the promise of eloquence, sympathy, enthusiasm.

"*Meine Herren!*"—every lecturer begins by thus addressing his hearers, but how differently the two words may be uttered! The inflection, the *timbre* of Professor Eucken's voice, as he bends forward, suffice to produce a hush among the men and to attract their attention. And presently we are landed upon the stream of the history of philosophy, and pens race over the note books, trying to transfer the lecturer's phrases, fresh from the mint, to paper. As for ourselves, let us dispense for this once with taking notes, and simply look and listen instead. If we have been used to mere ordinary "prælections" of a formal order, we shall indeed be pleasantly surprised: for this is no professorial deliverance of the *ennui*-producing order, but a discourse full of fire, of imagination and insight, revealing, not only the thinker, but the orator of most happy gift. We may, hitherto, in our studies of philosophy, have paid scanty regard to St. Augustine—may, in fact, have judiciously skipped him; but now we are listening to a description of the man's mental and spiritual evolution so fascinating, so perfect an appreciation of the services he rendered to thought, as makes us determined in future to make the Saint's nearer acquaintance—if possible, to study him in his original Latin, "to which," Professor Eucken says, "he gave an emotional quality it had not hitherto possessed."

Or, maybe, we are hearing an excursus on Giordano Bruno, or one of the heroes of the Renascence; or on the philosophical importance of the Reformation, or on St. Thomas Aquinas, the "angelic" doctor, of whom a most careful, happily-worded sketch is given; or the question under discussion may be the Essentials of the Modern Spirit,—a brilliant lecture, this last,—rich in felicitous definition and vivid colouring. But whatever the subject, you are interested, carried away by the verve, the sureness of touch, the irresistible buoyancy and enthusiasm—the broad, whole-hearted humanity of the speaker, who is never forgetting that he is speaking about men, not shadows, and that those whom he is addressing are men likewise. Holding forth one murky afternoon about the services rendered to humanity by the city of Florence, he suddenly interrupted himself: "Ah! gentlemen, how I wish that every one of you here could spend six weeks in that glorious place!"—a very simple touch, but how human, how endearing, how entirely spontaneous!

The Professor is a *religious* man in the best sense of the word; in England his opinions might be called Unitarian, in Germany he is a member of the State Church, which, in Saxe-Weimar is liberal to a degree. Liberalism in religion is, indeed, the prevailing atmosphere of the University, including the Theological Faculty, many of whose undergraduate members attend Professor Eucken's philosophical lectures,—a training to them, not only in thinking, but in preaching as well. When one remembers the systematic way in which Ecclesiastical History is falsified at English universities and theological seminaries, how an unreasoning veneration is cultivated for the opinions of Fathers and decisions of Councils, and what strides sacerdotalism has been making under such methods, one can understand and appreciate the wholesome influence exercised by a man of Professor Eucken's stamp speaking his mind with perfect freedom to the young students of theology. Himself keenly interested in Biblical criticism and comparative religion, and seeing no reason for keeping his faith and his philosophy in separate air-tight compartments, his utterances are just the kind calculated to break the "dogmatic slumber" of his hearers. Indeed, he is too much in earnest about religion ever to keep that subject out of his lectures for very long. As for fostering any superstitious regard for Councils and their decrees—"Gentlemen, we have to understand once for all that those matters were managed in a very—'human, all too human,'* way." And who that has listened to his plain speaking about the worship of Fourth Century dogmas will forget this tremendous onslaught:—"When we hear these claims advanced with so much assurance, we ask ourselves—what

* A phrase rendered current in Germany by being the title of one of Nietzsche's dazzling, paradoxical books.

sort of age was this vaunted Fourth Century? What has it given us? Not a single thinker of the first calibre, not a single scholar of the first calibre, hardly a single character of the first calibre! And by the decisions of that century we are to be bound, fifteen hundred succeeding years mental toil notwithstanding? Gentlemen, that is impossible! On those terms there can be no peace between philosophy and theology!" Professor Eucken is reported to be engaged upon a systematic work to be called "The Truth of Religion," from which much is expected; in the meantime, how one longs for a voice of equal power to be raised in Oxford—outside the walls of Manchester College—and to reach the young men reading in that ancient University with a view to Holy Orders!

A special feature of German University teaching is the "Seminar," a class of students meeting under the presidency of a professor, for the study of some work or to write papers on stated subjects, which have to be read out and are followed by discussion and criticism. Professor Eucken's Seminar on the Philosophy of History looms large in my recollections; how he would enter into the difficulties of individual men, not disdaining to submit to cross-questioning, what amazing vigour he would infuse into the debates, how patiently he would labour over points that wanted clearing up! "Now, gentlemen," he would exclaim, after the reader had finished, "I trust you've sharpened your rapiers and are ready for cut and thrust!" And pitched battles we used to have, discussing the idea of progress, finality in art and religion, &c., with an earnestness and an enjoyment I have never known to be equalled. That, perhaps, was Eucken's secret: he made us all feel that philosophy *mattered*.

One final glimpse of Professor Eucken at an informal function—a meeting of the Philosophical Society, composed, of course, mainly of young men. He had come down to open the session for them, and insisted on being considered an equal, a "Kollege:" no airs, no "Magnificenz," which was his rightful title as Pro-Rector, or as we should say Vice-Chancellor, of the University. His address, delivered without a note, took the most interesting form of a sketch of Philosophy at Jena, and he excelled himself in raciness, in vivid descriptive power that evening. How humorously he painted the time when philosophers, to make sure of an academical appointment, had to hold certain very definite opinions, and heresy in metaphysics was as strongly resented as in religion, rules as to permissible views being actually laid down with owlish solemnity! Then, after the loosening of these shackles to thought, a spell of Wolffianism, soon to give way to the school of Kant, whose three direct successors—Fichte, Schelling, Hegel—all at some time occupied the chair of philosophy at Jena—a sufficiently remarkable circumstance. With great enjoyment he told us of Hegel's eternal impecuniosity, and of Goethe writing to a common friend, "I suppose poor Hegel is short of cash, as usual; you may, on my behalf, go so far as to lend him ten thalers." Oh, what an anti-climax, and the Homeric laughter with which we greeted the amount!

But, it is time for me to bring these random jottings about an eminently genial, loveable personality to a close. Were this a philosophical journal, I might have enlarged upon the complexion of Professor Eucken's tenets and dwelt upon some of the main points of his teaching; but—fortunately for the non-specialist reader—that is "another story."

J. WARSCHAUER.

In the Dark.

O Thou who art my only Light,
Thee do I follow through the night;
Though home and hope are out of sight,
Firm trust in thee my spirit hath;
Thou knowest my path.

Although I cannot see thy face,
I feel the warmth of thy embrace,
Enfold me in the dangerous place
Where sin lies waiting to betray;
Thou knowest my way.

O thou that seest me through and through—
The thoughts I think, the deeds I do—
Thou knowest I to thee would be true!
Oh, draw me closer to thy side,
My Lord, my Guide.

I know not what may yet unfold
Beyond the morning's gates of gold:
This is my heaven—thy hand to hold,
Thy steps to follow through the night,
My Life, my Light.

LUCY LARCOM.

OUR ANCIENT CHAPELS.

Toomer's Court Chapel, Newbury.

"The waters of the river Kennet, on their way through the ancient borough of Newbury, after passing under the well-built bridge which connects the north and south wards, flow past one of the best specimens of an old Puritan meeting house to be found in all the broad south

of England. Built of brick, and roofed with tiles, it stands there a perfect square, unrelieved by pinnacle or tower, with no abutment save the vestry, identically as it was built about the year 1697, by the Presbyterians of Newbury.

"Those Nonconformists were the spiritual children of the Rev. Benjamin Woodbridge, first graduate of Harvard University, U.S.A., and for a time, previous to the Restoration, the Rector of St. Nicholas' Parish Church. If his was a typical Puritan life, the chapel in question is a typical Puritan meeting house, and its very formation indicates the character of those who erected it—a strong, plain, decent, honest, God-fearing people, not to be cajoled or frightened into conformity. Such of the plain, unvarnished, high-backed pews as are left untouched seem to speak of the straight ways and inflexible morality of the founders. While the green baize and brass nails betoken the well-to-do state of some of the old worshippers. Newbury men, eminent in their day, and useful citizens, attended service here, and here repose their mortal remains. Gaunt and unbeautiful as are the old walls, and quite unlike the architecture now admired and adopted by Nonconformists, when one stands inside the old place and reflects upon the motives and principles which actuated our forefathers to build for themselves spiritual homes such as these, Emerson's pathetic lines come to mind, and touch a chord of sympathy in the heart :

> We love the venerable house
> Our fathers built to God ;
> In heaven are kept their grateful vows ;
> Their dust endears the sod."

—*Newbury Weekly News.*

Cromwell and Religious Toleration.

Of all the benefits which the great struggle of the 17th century won for English life, none is of greater importance than the liberty of conscience in religion which we enjoy to-day. We are so accustomed to it—the man who desires to put back the clock and call in the civil power to curb the rights of thought, is only a curious survival not to be taken seriously—that it is somewhat hard for us to realise the pain and tension of the battle by which our liberties were won. The right to worship God according to conscience, no man making us afraid, was one of the primary objects of the great contest in which the power of absolute monarchy was broken, and modern England was born. It was the religious interest which gave to it the moral passion, the invincible earnestness, before which men of smaller faith and more worldly spirit were driven like chaff. Political and religious reform at the present time seem to belong to entirely different interests; there is even some danger of our thinking that they ought to be kept rigidly apart. To the Puritan mind this was impossible. Civil rights and spiritual liberties were the two sides of the

shield of personal freedom; or to be more accurate, the doctrine of political rights was the fruit of the divine right of individual persuasion in religion. This is especially true of the greatest of the Puritans—Oliver Cromwell. To this man, who thought and wrote and spoke in Parliament in the language of the Bible, and sent his soldiers into battle with some great Bible word ringing in their ears, religion was always the first interest. He believed in his own inalienable right to worship God according to his conscience; but he also believed—strange fact in a man of his intense and fiery convictions—in the right of other men to do the same. Here is the root principle of tolerance. It is the acceptance of this principle by the great mass of our people which makes the great distinction between our modern religious world and that of the middle ages. This change of thought, and all the change of habit which it carries with it, we owe to Cromwell more than to any other individual man.

The first great exponent of religious liberty, in the full sense of the word, is Roger Williams, whose strange and interesting personality is so well known for his zeal and breadth of mind in the early settlement of Massachussets. In 1644, he published a small book with the quaint title—"The Bloudy Tenent (Tenet) of Persecution for Sense of Conscience, discussed in a conference between Truth and Peace." His object is to plead for the entire separation of Church and State in the interests of religious liberty, and the equal protection by the law of all forms of religious belief. Even to false worshippers "the civil magistrate owes two things—(1) Remission (2) Protection." Roger Williams may be taken as representing the views of the more radical and advanced of the Independents of his day, and they were rapidly permeating the Cromwellian army, to whom liberty of conscience became almost a sacred watchword. But there were large and influential sections of public opinion to whom such views were very distasteful. The extreme royalists—the staunch upholders of prelacy — were anti-tolerationists, believing in securing by force of law conformity to their own type of the national church. The Presbyterians, who were still powerful in Parliament, belonged to the same category. Their one idea of a religious settlement was enforced conformity to the Presbyterian model. "To let men serve God according to conscience is to cast out one devil that seven worse may enter" is a sentence in a contemporary party pamphlet; and the Provincial Assembly of London Ministers, in 1646, was not less definite when it published the following sentiment: "We detest the error of toleration, the doctrine that men should have liberty to worship God in that manner as shall appear to them most agreeable to the Word of God." Could any words preserve for us in shorter compass the whole essence of the old persecuting spirit?

Side by side with these anti-toleration zealots there was a growing party in favour of some moderate form of toleration, at least for themselves. It was represented by the five Independent members of the Westminster Assembly, who were but putting off what they regarded as the inevitable Presbyterian settlement as long as possible, and for securing for themselves and for other respectable persons some indulgence in what were called "lesser differences." It was an attitude neither heroic nor ideal; far below the great principles of a man like Roger Williams—but it appealed to people of common sense, it avoided any compromising recognition of extreme heretics, and it was above all things safe. We may say, then, that at the time when Cromwell rose to power religious toleration, and the extent and method of it, was for the first time in English history a burning question, and it was a question which required for its settlement a man who could combine with the courage of personal convictions the breadth and penetration of large statesmanship.

What, then, were his convictions on this question? and how did he make them felt over the large field of practical politics? The first question can be answered best in his own words, by a few striking sentences from his letters and speeches, which will put the whole matter in a clear light so far as personal belief is concerned. In 1643 he writes as follows to Major General Crawford, concerning an officer who was supposed to be tainted with Anabaptist opinions:—"Sir, the State, in choosing men to serve it, takes no notice of their opinions: if they be willing faithfully to serve it, that satisfies. I advised you formerly to bear with men of different minds from yourself: if you had done

it when I advised you to do it, I think you would not have had so many stumbling-blocks in your way. It may be you judge otherwise; but I tell you my mind. I desire you would receive this man into your favour and good opinion. I believe, if he follow my counsel, he will deserve no other but respect from you. Take heed of being sharp, or too easily sharpened by others, against those to whom you can object little but that they square not with you in every opinion concerning matters of religion." [Letter xx.] The special interest of this letter lies in the stress which is laid upon the habit of personal tolerance in dealing with men, from which any real insight into the larger aspects of toleration must spring. Two years later he writes to the Speaker of the House of Commons, after the storming of Bristol, the following description of the religious temper of his soldiery:—"Presbyterians and Independents all have here the same spirit of faith and prayer—the same presence and answer; they agree here, have no names of difference: pity it is that it should be otherwise anywhere! All that believe have the real unity, which is most glorious, because inward and spiritual; in the Body, and to the Head. For being united in forms, commonly called uniformity, every Christian will, for peace sake, study and do as far as conscience will permit. And for brethren, in things of the mind, we look for no compulsion, but that of light and reason." [Letter xxxi.] And a short time before he had written, after Naseby field:—"I wish this action may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for." I have room only for one more passage, but none could bear more clear and eloquent testimony to his position. It is from one of his speeches to his first Parliament: "Is not Liberty of Conscience in religion a fundamental? So long as there is Liberty of Conscience for the Supreme Magistrate to exercise his conscience in erecting what form of Church government he is satisfied he should set up, why should he not give the like liberty to others? Liberty of conscience is a natural right, and he that would have it ought to give it. . . . Indeed, that hath been one of the vanities of our contest. Every sect saith: 'Oh, give me liberty!' But give it him, and to his power he will not yield it to anybody else. Where is our ingenuousness? 'Liberty of Conscience'—truly that is a thing ought to be very reciprocal! . . . . All the money of this nation would not have tempted men to fight upon such an account as they have been engaged in, if they had not had hopes of liberty of conscience better than Episcopacy granted them, or than would have been afforded by a Scots' Presbytery. . . . . This, I say, is a fundamental. It ought to be so. It is for us and the generations to come." [Speech III., Vol. IV., 61.]

Passages like these, where Cromwell is speaking his whole mind with simple frankness, can leave no doubt as to his own position. But was he prepared, when he had the power, to put these high and liberal principles into practice? There are few things in regard to which he has been more misunderstood. For long he was considered as an ambitious and unscrupulous autocrat, a schemer and charlatan in affairs of State, for whom no censure could be too bitter to be undeserved. That prejudice is at last dead in the minds of all reasonable people; but there is perhaps a lingering suspicion even on the part of those who would like to think otherwise, that Cromwell's religious policy was marked by an absence of toleration, if not by arbitrary harshness. This is, I believe, an opinion founded entirely upon prejudice and hearsay, and not upon a real study of history. On the contrary, among all the great statesmen of English history none has tried to be more loyal to the principles of religious liberty, and achieved a larger success in the face of great difficulties. For he had to deal with difficulties both political and religious which would have baffled most men. The Catholics and extreme Episcopalians were strongly for the Stuart interest, while among the Protestants religious party spirit ran high, and the vagaries of some of the sects made quiet and unexcitable people afraid of social anarchy. So successfully did Cromwell deal with these turbulent forces, and so impartial was the attitude he assumed, that Baxter, who was no friendly judge of the Protector, could say, "Cromwell and his Council took on them to join no religious party, but to be for the equal liberty of all." The Established Church of the Com-

monwealth was on a wider basis, more tolerant of differences of doctrine and practice than any which has been attempted since. And in regard to the various bodies outside the pale of the establishment we need only recall his own expressed sympathy for Catholic toleration in a letter to Cardinal Mazarin, and his purpose to make further progress in that direction so soon as certain impediments, which we can easily understand, should be removed; his avoidance of anything like persecution of the extreme section of the Episcopalians, whose political attitude might seem to have invited harder measures; his friendship with George Fox, and his quiet, unofficial action on his behalf at a time when he could not have carried public opinion with him; his interference to save John Biddle, the Socinian, from a trial for heresy which had been decided on by the Council—he spirited him off out of the reach of trouble to the Isle of Scilly, and kept him there on an allowance for two years and a half; and, finally, his practical recognition of the right of the Jews to live in England—they had been banished since 1290—in the face of a strong combination of the religious and mercantile interest. These are all the acts of a strong and resolute man. He will not, as a statesman responsible for the public peace and safety, go beyond what is possible. But the whole strength of his own sympathy and conviction is on the side of complete tolerance, and it is always his purpose, "as soon as he can remove impediments and some weights that press him down, to make further progress."

The Cromwellian settlement of religion was of short duration. It died with the man who had created it, and whose great endeavour was to make men more liberal than they intended. It was followed by a short reactionary period of Presbyterian intolerance, and then by the triumph of exclusive Episcopacy at the Restoration. The great experiment in religious liberty seemed to have failed: the conscience was again made fast in its ancient bondage. But it was not really so. Men may die, but ideas are immortal. The history of English religion for the last two hundred years has borne upon it the impress of principles which the great Protector was the first to clothe with reality for the English mind. He was right when he spoke of "the freedom of the subject and liberty of conscience" as "grand words which are never without some attraction for men." He made them attractive because he called them down from the heaven of speculation to the world of practical policy. With much pain and struggle we have slowly accomplished what he tried to do, and at last the principle for which he struggled has become almost an axiom of our thought. The great statesman of modern England was also the founder of our religious liberties.

W. H. Drummond.

Preachers and Preaching.

BY THE TATE LECTURER.

III.

On Some Elements of Pulpit Power.

(Notes of a Lecture delivered at Oxford.)

It seems necessary to emphasise, what after all is perfectly obvious, that while preaching is an art it is an art that can only be learned by practice. Not even if a Liddon or a Ward Beecher were the lecturer could you learn how to preach from any counsels they might be able to give. Preaching is not learned in a classroom, any more than swimming can be learned in a drawing-room. The only way to learn to swim is to jump into the water, and the only way to learn to preach is by preaching. You will stumble, you will blunder; you will probably, like every preacher worth his salt, begin by making fools of yourselves; but upon blunders and confusions you will arise as on stepping stones to facility, wisdom and power. The classroom may turn out the finished scholar; it can never turn out the finished preacher. It is in the classroom of life men learn to preach. It seems necessary to say this by the way of preface in order to guard against any extravagant expectations of what a lectureship like this is able to do for you.

Yet since preaching is an art, its laws, principles and methods may be studied with advantage long before we begin the practice, just as the principles of science underlying a joiner's trade may be taught in the technical school before the lad enters the workshop.

Workshop only is apt to turn out rule-of-thumb workmen. Unfortunately there are a good many rule-of-thumb preachers, men who have never thought over the principles of the art they have been practising for years in the dark. There is a technology of preaching which may be most serviceable to us when we enter the pulpit, and that technology is the proper business of the classroom. It is quite true that here, as in theology, the lessons of the schools will have to be re-cast and re-learned in the crucible of life. There is scarcely a greater folly than to suppose that the theological outfit which a student has acquired in his college days will suffice him when he begins the practical work of the ministry. I well remember an interview I had as a young man with Thomas Binney, one of the noblest preachers the Congregationalists ever boasted, and president at the time of New College, London. He said to me, "Our young men, when they leave college, pride themselves on having a neatly-constructed system of theology, logically welded together, standing firm and square to all the winds that blow: and then, the moment they begin to preach, down it all comes like a house of cards, and they find they have to begin to build again from the bottom."

The fact is, a living theology will be the outcome of good preaching, not its antecedent condition and limitation. It must be forged anew, link by link, in the earnest grapple with life. That is not to say that your theological studies are useless. The training which the mastery of any theological system gives is most valuable. The familiarity you acquire here with great systems of divinity, which have been patiently thought out amid the strain and stress of fierce controversy, has for its fruit the sobriety, mental balance, catholic outlook, which will convey you through your own period of storm and trial. You will work out your theology under the pressure of tremendous and practical experiences. No system of theology can be absorbed, which must not be again broken to pieces and passed through the fiery trial of life, shaping itself into forms and phrases of your own, before you can find true freedom in preaching. So it is with all rules of rhetoric, all forms of sermon-making, all principles of public speech. You will have to apply them yourselves to conditions which are not mine, and the methods will be different. I can give you no ready-made maxims which will fit the infinite varieties of life. You will find it necessary to re-cast in your own crucible all that anyone else can tell of preaching. Yet the lessons others have learned from their experiences may be of immense value to us, if only as finger-posts on the way.

My subject to-day reminds me of two lines of Wordsworth's:—

> Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
> That every man at arms should wish to be?

Who is the happy preacher? Who is he that every man who enters the ministry should wish to be? What is the thing—the gift, the endowment—such a man most desires? Surely it is *preaching power!* If to be weak is to be miserable, then I think that weakness in the pulpit is of all things most wretched. Tyndall speaks of the necessity of a "lifting power" in human life. Where should that lifting power be found and felt but in the pulpit? Alas! it must be confessed there are many pulpits with no "lift" about them. No one is ever deeply moved, no one is ever inspirited, no one is ever comforted, no one is ever angered, except it may be at the impotence of the preacher, which, I confess, under some conditions, is exasperating to the last degree. The only power some men have is the power to empty the pews. They may be scholarly, they may be devout, they may be earnest, they may sincerely desire to do good, but weakness marks their every utterance; their blood is thin and poor and runs sluggishly; they have no vitality to spare which they can pour into empty souls; they are destitute of power. And, in a spirit of desperation, all sorts of doubtful expedients are tried to make up for the weakness of the pulpit. The man, having no power in himself, announces catch-penny subjects, or engages distinguished singers, or approximates his methods as nearly as may be to those of a music-hall—anything to fill the pews, even the cheap, the vulgar, and the sensational—anything, except the one thing needful. Sometimes these methods have their reward. The church is crowded, but it is no longer the home of souls, the birthplace of new spiritual resolves, the gate of heaven, the quiet resting-place, where

God meets with men, and the voice of Eternal wisdom thrills the heart with awe and rejoicing. It is a successful enterprise. Popularity-hunting and popular success may often go along with a dead pulpit.

St. Paul declares the gospel to be "the power of God unto salvation," and, reviewing his own ministry, he says, "My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of men's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit and of power." To analyse the power of the preacher and resolve it into its different elements is not an easy task. In so far as it is a spiritual endowment, I do not, for the present, propose to consider it. Indeed, in this feature of it, analysis is impossible. We know its signs and results. We know that it accompanies an intense elevation of character; we know that it employs and utilises all other forces as its agents—learning, rhetoric, eloquence, logic, imagination; we know how it acts as a subtle current between speaker and hearer; we know it is matured and quickened by prayer; we know that sometimes it burns as a fire in the bones, while again, it is the blessed well-spring of fervour and joy. But what it is in itself we cannot tell, any more than we can unravel the mystery of life. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof; but thou canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth." This we know, it is never present except with a clear conviction of the powers of the unseen, with a God-consciousness so profound that all life is seen in the light of His countenance, with a vivid conception of what God is in His holiness and grace, in His majesty and power, in His wisdom and love, in His order and infinity, and with the voluntary and habitual subjection of all active and conscious life to the judgments of the Eternal. That the preacher should be a spiritual man, and that every sermon should be saturated with the spiritual element, as the atmosphere is charged with moisture and light, will be admitted by every one.

Setting aside this important element of preaching power, which I admit is something like reviewing Hamlet after the Prince of Denmark has been eliminated from the play, there are a multitude of human elements which we do not sufficiently take into account when considering the preacher's equipment. Even here I must begin by leaving alone for the moment such obvious factors in ministerial success as scholarship, the power of philosophic thought, rhetoric, manner, style and voice. On all these points I shall have much to say later on, but for my immediate purpose they may be omitted, since, while they are of immense importance, they are not *indispensable* elements of preaching power. It is not likely in these days that a dolt in scholarship will ever become a great preacher; on the other hand many a good scholar has been a dead failure in the pulpit, while some who are not dolts, and are only not scholars in the technical sense because they never had the opportunity to be, have manifested the highest preaching power in the field of practice. The same is true of close, deep, vigorous, philosophic thinking. It is true there cannot be preaching without thought, and for most of us the strictest discipline is required that the soul may be drilled in its thinking for others. Yet a man may be no metaphysician, no logician, no scientist, quite unable to conduct a great argument, and his preaching may be with a power that cannot be resisted. In the pulpit he sweeps all before him. Vastly important again as are rhetoric, manner, style, voice, great as is our need of drill in these matters, often as the want of attention to them spoils, or largely spoils, an otherwise good sermon, they are features that yet can be dispensed with. There have been ungainly men in the pulpit who yet reigned there like kings. There have been men with voices like that of Shiel, the great Irish orator, described by Mr. Gladstone as like a "cracked tea-kettle thrown from side to side," who yet subdued the listening crowd, now to tears and now to enthusiasm. There have been men whose style was abominable judged by any literary conditions—heavy, involved, cumbrous, jerky—who yet compelled attention. In all this I am not saying a word in disparagement of these various elements of pulpit power. I only point out that while they are to be cultivated to the full, they are not so absolutely necessary that we cannot have good preaching without them. I have known preachers die of literary style; I have known sermons killed with scholarship; I have known pulpits turned into blocks of ice

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with magnificently-constructed arguments; I have even known great speaking talent, fluent, musical, sonorous, which was, after all, a mere glitter of rhetorical phrases—its declamation, small beer and thunder; its passion, painted fire.

There are, however, certain indispensable elements of preaching power, other than the spiritual, scholastic, and rhetorical, which we need to assure ourselves of, and which, to a large extent, are within the compass of human cultivation.

(To be continued.)

Biographical Addresses by the Late Rev. Dr. Sadler.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

The epithet saint is one which I should use very sparingly, because to my mind it means so much; but I think it may be truly applied to Archbishop Leighton.

The story of his life has been told only very incompletely. There is little about his early days—nothing about his mother, from whom I cannot help thinking he must have inherited some of his rare qualities of mind and heart; and I should like to know how long she was spared to him, and of what kind her influence was during that time. What we know of him is chiefly from the writings of one whose acquaintance with him began in the prime of manhood. Yet, though the picture given of Leighton in Burnet's "History of his Own Times" is far from complete, it has about it a distinctness which is often wanting in lengthened biographies. Admiration and love are necessary to a true insight into character, but sometimes lead to exaggeration. When, however, this is the case, it is easily detected by the reader. And no such suspicion occurs to us as we read Burnet's account, which has in it an appreciative reverence, something like that which imparts an indescribable charm to Fra Angelico's paintings, and to Isaac Walton's "Lives." "I have laid together with great simplicity," says Burnet, "what has been the chief subject of my thoughts for above thirty years. I was formed to them by a bishop that had the greatest elevation of soul, the largest compass of knowledge, the most mortified and heavenly disposition that I ever saw in mortal; that had the greatest parts as well as virtue, with the perfectest humility that I ever saw in man."

And there is another record:—"I bear still the greatest veneration for the memory of that man that I do for any person, and reckon my early knowledge of him, and my long and intimate conversation with him, that continued to his death, for twenty-three years, among the greatest blessings of my life; and for which I know I must give account to God, in the great day, in a most particular manner."

Robert was the elder of the two sons of Dr. Alexander Leighton, a Scotch Presbyterian minister. There were also two daughters. A claim has been put in for London, Craig, and Edinburgh as Robert's birth-place; but as his birth took place in 1611, and as his father was then Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh, he was in all probability born in that city. Two years later the father removed to London; but in due time he sent his son to be educated in Scotland—where at first we don't know, but afterwards at the University with which he himself had been connected.

While the studies at the University were going on, a sore calamity came upon the paternal home. Dr. Leighton had already been in trouble with the Government Authorities on account of his insisting on combining with his ministerial duties the practice of medicine, in which he had acquired some knowledge and skill. But now a worse evil befell him. He cherished feelings of bitter hostility against the Episcopal Church, and gave expression to them in two virulent attacks, entitled—"The Looking Glass of Holy War," and "Zion's Plea against the Prelacie." The latter had two most offensive hieroglyphical illustrations. It was hardly to be expected that in the reign of Charles I. such works would be passed over. For six weeks the offender lay in a miserable cell in Newgate, exposed to the weather through the badness of the roof, and during this time he became so ill that when his trial came on he was unable to attend. In Westminster there was what was called the "Star Chamber," so called because the ceiling was adorned with stars. There cases were tried for

which there was no provision in other courts; and there Dr. Leighton was sentenced to be degraded as a minister, to be branded on his cheek with a hot iron, to be maimed for life in his head and face, to be whipped, to stand in the pillory, to pay a fine of a thousand pounds, and to be kept in prison till the fine was paid. When Archbishop Laud heard the sentence pronounced, he took off his hat, and lifting up his hands, gave thanks to God, who had given the Church victory over her enemies! On a "cold, frosty day," at the end of November, thirty-six lashes were inflicted on Dr. Leighton's naked flesh; next came two hours in the pillory during a snow storm, and the rest of the sentence was carried out with the same pitiless severity. When, after upwards of ten years, the Long Parliament released him and made him the best compensation it could for the cruelty with which he had been treated, he was hardly able "to walk, see, or hear."

The gloom of the prison was brightened by the most favourable tidings of the character and attainments of his son, and nothing seems to have been spared by which that son might have the greatest educational advantages. After taking his master's degree, at the age of twenty, he was sent for a prolonged stay on the Continent, whereby he was saved from what he regarded as the serious mistake of entering too early on the responsibilities of a ministerial charge. He used to say "some ministers preach too soon." He spent several years in France, partly in travelling and partly in residence with relatives at Douay. Intercourse with men of different opinions, and acquaintance with foreign usages and institutions tend to a catholicity of spirit which can hardly be gained by any mere theory of comprehension. He felt this, and said, "There is a very peculiar advantage in travel, not to be understood but by the trial of it." We read the same in substance in the Book of Ecclesiasticus: "When I travelled I saw many things; and I understood more than I can express." Nor was it with the living alone that he conversed. In his quiet times he extended and deepened both his classical and theological knowledge, and stored his mind with choice sayings from Plato and Aristotle, Plutarch, Seneca, and Epictetus, Jewish Rabbins and Christian Fathers, Augustine, H. Bernard, Thomas à Kempis, and others.

His first settlement as a minister was in his 30th year, at Newbottle, about four miles from Edinburgh, in the Presbytery of Dalkeith. There he appears to have devoted himself almost exclusively to his pastoral duties, mixing very little with his brethren at Convocation, and evidently not caring much about the distinctive principles of the religious body to which he belonged. At the provincial meetings of ministers, the question was asked whether they preached to the times, and Leighton's answer was not satisfactory; but he said in his defence, "if all the brethren have preached to the times, may not one poor brother be allowed to preach for eternity?" After eleven years, finding he could no longer do what was required of him, he gave up his charge, and quietly retired from the Presbytery.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light lay this precept well to heart: "Do the Duty which lies nearest to thee,"—which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.

CARLYLE.

In happy toil
Forget this whirl of doubt! We are weak,—we are weak
Only when still! Put thou thine hand to the plough!
The spirit drives thee on.

C. KINGSLEY.

The Seed Sower;

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Never Give Up.

In the world that lies before you
There is much for you to win;
But beforehand you must conquer
Foes without and foes within.
And if now your tasks can rout you,
Then, when life's real battles call,
Will you, in their heat and struggle,
Victor stand, or vanquished fall?

Can you hope for bright successes
If you're always failing now?
Do you think defeat will help to
Weave the laurel 'round your brow?
Just as little straws can tell us
From which side the breezes blow,
So the way you work at trifles
Will your perseverance show.

Never say that fate's against you,
That you cannot conquer luck;
Their is no such thing as either;
All depends on work and pluck.
Just you be resolved to conquer,
Never mind how tough the fray;
Put your hands and brain in motion,
And, my boys, you'll gain the day.

A Model Child.

Her Temper's always sunny, her hair is ever neat;
She doesn't care for candy,—she says it is too sweet!
She loves to study lessons,—her sums are always right;
And she gladly goes to bed at eight every single night.

Her apron's never tumbled, her hands are always clean;
With buttons missing from her shoe she never has been seen.
She remembers to say "Thank you," and "Yes, ma'am, if you please;"
And she never cries nor frets nor whines; she's ne'er been known to tease.

Each night upon the closet shelf she puts away her toys;
She never slams the parlour door, nor makes the slightest noise;
But she loves to run on errands and to play with little brother,
And she's never in her life been known to disobey her mother.

"Who is this charming little maid?
I long to grasp her hand!"
She's the daughter of Mr. Nobody,
And she lives in Nowhereland.

ST. NICHOLAS.

Dolly's Lesson.

Come here, you nignoramus!
I'm ashamed to have to 'fess
You don't know any letter
'Cept just your cookie S.

Now listen, and I'll tell you:
This round hole's name is O;
And when you put a tail in,
It makes it Q, you know.

And if it has a front door,
To walk in at, it's C;
Then make a seat right here,
To sit on, and it's G.

And this tall letter, dolly,
Is I, and stands for me;
And, when it puts a hat on,
It makes a cup o' T.

And curly I is J, dear,
And half of B is P;
And E without his slippers on
Is only F, you see.

You turn A upside downwards,
And people call it V;
And if it's twins, like this one,
W 'twill be.

Now, dolly, when you learn 'em
You'll know a great big heap,—
'Most much's I,—*O dolly!*
I b'lieve you've gone asleep.

Pansy Faces.

Pansy faces, grave and wise,
Who can read the "thought" that lies
Lurking underneath your eyes?

"Thoughts" of folk and flower lore!
Secrets hidden evermore,
By the underworld's fast door!

Pansy faces, elfin, wee!
As I bend full lowlily,
Will you whisper "thoughts" to me?

A little child should always say what's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table:
At least as far as he is able.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.